

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 264.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1832.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of Dr. Burney. By his daughter Mad. D'Arblay. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Moxon.

Of Dr. Burney, the world has heard a good deal from himself and others, and now as much more as we are ever likely to know, is revealed to us in these volumes, by his accomplished daughter, the authoress of 'Evelina.' He lived in the good and fruitful times of Thomson, Armstrong, Johnson, Warton, Reynolds, Barry, Goldsmith, Percy, Gainsborough, Bruce, Boswell, Burke, Sheridan, and Garrick; he was their friend and companion, and, to a fine spirit of observation, added a deep knowledge of music, as his History shows, and a genius for literature, as all his compositions prove. Mad. D'Arblay was his companion during many eventful years: she is the inheritor of his talents and accomplishments—and, as these Memoirs sufficiently show, of his anecdotes, remarks, and observations on men and manners. She had access to all his correspondence and memoranda, which, added to her own happiness of memory and talent for remark, have enabled her to write a memoir, which cannot fail to be widely circulated—in short, it has more of the faults and excellencies of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' than any work we have lately seen. The chief charm of the volumes lies in the genius of the men who are made to speak, and in the sincerity and truth of their words; these anecdotes are not the ten times repeated rumours picked up by some ignorant person about town; they are vouched for by those whose candour has gained the world's confidence, and come as well authenticated as official records. Those who wish to see the brilliant parties of the days of hooped petticoats and three-story wigs, and hear the witty chit-chat of the brightest men in art and literature, may do so cheaply now; while any one who desires to write of the poets, and critics, and artists, of half a century, will find in these Memoirs, a fine store of fresh and interesting materials.

We shall at present give no further account of these volumes, but proceed to pick a few pearls from Mad. D'Arblay's splendid string; it is of no importance where we begin our extracts, nor is it at all difficult to make selections: our musical friends will not dislike something of Dr. Arne:—

"Eminent, however, in that art as was Dr. Arne, his eminence was to that art alone confined. Thoughtless, dissipated, and careless, he neglected, or rather scoffed at all other but musical reputation. And he was so little scrupulous in his ideas of propriety, that he took pride, rather than shame, in being publicly pleased, even in the decline of life, as a man of pleasure.

"Such a character was ill qualified to form or to protect the morals of a youthful pupil;

and it is probable that not a notion of such a duty ever occurred to Dr. Arne; so happy was his self-complacency in the fertility of his invention and the ease of his compositions, and so dazzled by the brilliancy of his success in his powers of melody—which, in truth, for the English stage, were in sweetness and variety unrivalled—that, satisfied and flattered by the practical exertions and the popularity of his fancy, he had no ambition, or, rather, no thought concerning the theory of his art.

"The depths of science, indeed, were the last that the gay master had any inclination to sound; and, in a very short time, through something that mingled jealousy with inability, the disciple was wholly left to work his own way as he could through the difficulties of his professional progress.

"Had neglect, nevertheless, been the sole deficiency that young Burney had to lament, it would effectually have been counteracted by his own industry: but all who are most wanting to others, are most rapacious of services for themselves: and the time in which the advancement of the scholar ought to have been blended with the advantage of the teacher, was almost exclusively seized upon for the imposition of laborious tasks of copying music: and thus, a drudgery fitted for those who have no talents to cultivate; or those who, in possessing them, are driven from their enjoyment by distress, filled up nearly the whole time of the student, and constituted almost wholly the directions of the tutor."

Concerning Garrick, there is much in these volumes: when Dr. Burney was left a widower with six helpless children, David was a frequent visitor: the following is amiable and characteristic.

"Garrick, who was passionately fond of children, never withheld his visits from Poland-street on account of the absence of the master of the house; for though it was the master he came to seek, he was too susceptible to his own lively gift of bestowing pleasure, to resist witnessing the ecstasy he was sure to excite, when he burst in unexpectedly upon the younger branches: for so playfully he individualized his attentions, by an endless variety of comic badinage,—now exhibited in lofty bombast; now in ludicrous obsequiousness; now by a sarcasm skilfully implying a compliment; now by a compliment archly conveying a sarcasm; that every happy day that gave them but a glimpse of this idol of their juvenile fancy, was exhilarated to its close by reciprocating anecdotes of the look, the smile, the bow, the shrug, the start, that, after his departure, each enraptured admirer could describe."

Of that eminent engraver Sir Robert Strange, we know next to nothing, and the authoress has our thanks for introducing us to the acquaintance of him and his lady; the latter, one of the most agreeable and clever women of her time.

"The worthy, as well as eminent, Sir Robert Strange, the first engraver of his day, with his extraordinary wife and agreeable family, were, from the time of the second marriage, amongst the most familiar visitors of the Burney house.

"The term extraordinary, is not here applied to Lady Strange, to denote any singularity of action, conduct, or person: it is simply limited to her conversational powers; which, for mother wit in brilliancy of native ideas, and readiness of associating analogies, placed her foremost in the rank of understanding females, with whom Mr. Burney delighted to reciprocate sportive, yet deeply reflective, discourse. For though the education of Lady Strange had not been cultivated by scholastic lore, she might have said, with the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 'My books are men, and I read them very currently.' And in that instinctive knowledge of human nature which penetration develops, and observation turns to account, she was a profound adept.

"Yet, with these high-seasoned powers of exhilaration for others, she was palpably far from happy herself; and sometimes, when felicitated upon her delightful gaiety, she would smile through a face of woe, and, sorrowfully shaking her head, observe how superficial was judgment upon the surface of things, and how wide from each other might be vivacity and happiness! the one springing only from native animal spirits; the other being always held in subjection by the occurrences that meet, or that mar our feelings. And often, even in the midst of the lively laugh that she had sent around her, there would issue quite aloud, from the inmost recesses of her breast, a sigh so deep it might rather be called a groan.

"Very early in life, she had given away her heart and her hand without the sanction of a father whom, while she disobeyed, she ardently loved. And though she was always, and justly, satisfied with her choice, and her deserving mate, she could never so far subdue her retrospective sorrow, as to regain that inward serenity of mind, that has its source in reflections that have never been broken by jarring interests and regrets."

The description of Dr. Burney busied with his 'History of Music,' is not amiss:—

"Again, therefore, he returned to his History of Music; and now, indeed, he went to work with all his might. The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless increasing stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or, rather, innumerable blank books, were severally adapted to concentrating some peculiar portion of the work. Theory; practice; music of the ancients; music in parts; national music; lyric, church, theatrical, warlike music; universal biography of composers and performers, of patrons and of professors; and histories of musical institutions, had all their destined blank volumes.

"And he opened a widely circulating correspondence, foreign and domestic, with various musical authors, composers, and students, whether professors or dilettante.

"And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no devoir. The system by which he obtained time no one missed, yet that gave to him lengthened life, independent of longevity from years, was through the skill with which, indefatigably, he profited from every fragment of leisure."

The following is new to us; we have been expecting for some time Prior's promised 'Life of Goldsmith'; we hope, when it comes, there will be a fuller light thrown on the story of his projected dictionary.

"Dr. Goldsmith, now in the meridian of his late-earned, but most deserved prosperity, was projecting an English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, upon the model of the French Encyclopædia. Sir Joshua Reynolds was to take the department of painting; Mr. Garrick, that of acting; Dr. Johnson, that of ethics: and no other class was yet nominated, when Dr. Burney was applied to for that of music, through the medium of Mr. Garrick.

"Justly gratified by a call to make one in so select a band, Dr. Burney willingly assented; and immediately drew up the article 'Musician;' which he read to Mr. Garrick, from whom it received warm plaudits.

"The satisfaction of Dr. Goldsmith in this acquisition to his forces, will be seen by the ensuing letter to Mr. Garrick: by whom it was enclosed, with the following words, to Dr. Burney.

"June 11, 1773.

"My dear Doctor,—I have sent you a letter from Dr. Goldsmith. He is proud to have your name among the elect.

"Love to all your fair ones.

"Ever yours,

"D. GARRICK."

To David Garrick, Esq.

"Temple, Jan. 10, 1773.

"Dear Sir,—To be thought of by you, obliges me; to be served by you, still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a Dictionary useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with anything of his own. I beg you, also, will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition.

"I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

"The work, however, was never accomplished, and its project sunk away to nothing; sincerely to the regret of those who knew what might be expected from that highly qualified writer, on a plan that would eminently have brought forth all his various talents; and which was conceived upon so grand a scale, and was to be supported by such able coadjutors."

The character of Barry the painter, is in small, but much to the purpose:—

The most striking, however, though by no means the most reasonable converser among those who generally volunteered their colloquial services in St. Martin's-street, was that eminent painter, and entertaining character, Mr. Barry; who with a really innocent belief that he was the most modest and moderate of men, nourished the most insatiable avidity of applause; who, with a loudly laughing defiance of the ills of life, was internally and substantially sinking under their annoyance; and who, with a professed and sardonic contempt of rival prosperity or superiority, disguised, even to himself, the bitterness with which he pined at the success which he could not share, but to which he flattered himself that he was indifferent, or above; because so to be, behoved the character of his believed adoption, that of a genuine votary to philanthropy and philosophy."

Nothing could well be better than the account which Mad. D'Arblay, then Miss Burney, wrote of her first interview with Johnson, in the house of Thrale, at Streatham; it is given in a letter to Mr. Crisp:

"Well, in the midst of this performance, and before the second movement was come to a close, —Dr. Johnson was announced:

"Now, my dear Mr. Crisp, if you like a description of emotions and sensations—but I know you treat them all as burlesque—so let's proceed.

"Every body rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; which he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye—for they say he does not see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approbation of the proceeding.

"But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for—that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure: tall, stout, grand, and authoritative: but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round: his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands: his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards: his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor. * * *

"But you always charge me to write without reserve or reservation, and so I obey as usual. Else, I should be ashamed to acknowledge having remarked such exterior blemishes in so exalted a character.

"His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons, (or, peradventure, brass,) but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

"He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him; which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes, he drew his chair close to the pianoforte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys, to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them; till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how too keep their countenances; and the less, as Mr. Seward, who seems to be very droll and shrewd, and was much diverted, ogled them slyly, with a provoking expression of arch enjoyment of their apprehensions.

"When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his Idler.

"His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch of a courtly salute—but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss.

"Every body was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths.

"Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eye-lashes from near examination. At last, fixing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself; and

as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.

"We were all excessively provoked: for we were languishing, fretting, expiring to hear him talk—not to see him read!—what could that do for us?

"My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Miss Thrale seemed very attentive; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the British Encyclopedia, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears.

"When it was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said: 'Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which Savoi sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?'

"My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with Mrs. Thrale's conjuring request relative to Bach's concert.

"The Doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and, see-sawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, 'Bach, sir?—Bach's concert?—And pray, sir, who is Bach?—Is he a piper?'

One fine touch of Johnson's critical powers is related in the same letter; he was never at a loss, and his sagacity was equal to his wit.

"Mr. Seward gave an amusing account of a fable which Mr. Garrick had written by way of prologue, or introduction, upon this occasion. In this he says, that a blackbird, grown old and feeble, droops his wings, &c. &c., and gives up singing; but, upon being called upon by the eagle, his voice recovers its powers, its spirits revive, he sets age at defiance, and sings better than ever.

"There is not," said Dr. Johnson, again beginning to see-saw, 'much of the spirit of fabulosity in this fable! for the call of an eagle never yet had much tendency to restore the warbling of a black-bird! 'Tis true, the fabulists frequently make the wolves converse with the lambs; but then, when the conversation is over, the lambs are always devoured! And, in that manner, the eagle, to be sure, may entertain the blackbird—but the entertainment always ends in a feast for the eagle!'

The history of 'Evelina' is related at full length; nor can we say, egotistical as it is, but that we like it greatly. The work was published anonymously, and gradually made its way in the world, till it obtained the enviable applauses of such judges as Burke and Johnson; nor is the letter which Mrs. Thrale wrote on the occasion, uninteresting:—

"Dear Doctor Burney,—Doctor Johnson returned home last night full of the praises of the book I had lent him: protesting there were passages in it that might do honour to Richardson. We talk of it for ever; and he, Doctor Johnson, feels ardent after the denouement. *He could not get rid of the Rogue!* he said. I then lent him the second volume, which he instantly read; and he is, even now, busy with the third.

"You must be more a philosopher, and less a father than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giving such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. Long, my dear Sir, may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children! And long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent!"

The young authoress sat beside Johnson at an entertainment at Streatham, and kept

a note of the conversation—here is a part of it.

"My father then mentioned Mr. Garrick's epilogue to Bonduca, which Dr. Johnson called a miserable performance; and which everybody agreed to be the worst that Mr. Garrick had ever written. 'And yet,' said Mr. Seward, 'it has been very much admired. But it is in praise of English valour, and so, I suppose, the subject made it popular.'

"I do not know, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, 'anything about the subject, for I could not read till I came to any. I got through about half a dozen lines; but for subject, I could observe no other than perpetual dullness. I do not know what is the matter with David. I am afraid he is becoming superannuated; for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.'

"Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, 'as the life of a wit. Garrick and Wilkes are the oldest men of their age that I know; for they have both worn themselves out prematurely by being eternally on the rack to entertain others.'

"David, Madam," said the Doctor, 'looks much older than he is, because his face has had double the business of any other man's. It is never at rest! When he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to that which he assumes the next. I do not believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life. And such a perpetual play of the muscles must certainly wear a man's face out before his time.'

Dr. Burney was justly proud of his daughter: the following is copied from one of his memorandum books:—

"The literary history of my second daughter, Fanny, now Madame d'Arblay, is singular. She was wholly unnoticed in the nursery for any talents, or quickness of study: indeed, at eight years old she did not know her letters; and her brother, the tar, who in his boyhood had a natural genius for hoaxing, used to pretend to teach her to read; and gave her a book topsyturvy, which he said she never found out! She had, however, a great deal of invention and humour in her childish sports; and used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and compose speeches for their characters; for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness: and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of my friends who came often to my house, and entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than The Old Lady."

The portrait of Boswell is copied from the life:—

"He spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in his reverence of Dr. Johnson."

We must give Dr. Burney's account of his last look at the gay, the unequalled Garrick:—

"I called at his door, with anxious inquiries, two days before he expired, and was admitted to his chamber; but though I saw him, he did not seem to see me,—or any earthly thing! His countenance that had never remained a moment the same in conversation, now appeared as fixed and as inanimate as a block of marble; and he had already so far relinquished the world, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Wallace, his executor, that nothing that was said or done that used to interest him the most keenly, had any effect upon his muscles; or could extort either a word or a look from him for several days previously to his becoming a corpse."

This is a gallery of portraits: look at Gibbon—him of the 'Decline and Fall':—

"This, too, was a great name; but how different a figure and presentation! Fat and ill-constructed, Mr. Gibbon has cheeks of such prodigious chubbiness, that they envelope his nose so completely, as to render it, in profile, absolutely invisible. His look and manner are placidly mild, but rather effeminate; his voice,—for he was speaking to Sir Joshua at a little distance—is gentle, but of studied precision of accent. Yet, with these Brobdingnagian cheeks, his neat little feet are of a miniature description; and with these, as soon as I turned round, he hastily described a quaint sort of circle, with small quick steps, and a dapper gait, as if to mark the alacrity of his approach, and then, stopping short when full face to me, he made so singularly profound a bow, that—though hardly able to keep my gravity—I felt myself blush deeply at its undue, but palpably intended obsequiousness."

"This demonstration, however, over, his sense of politeness, or project of flattery, was satisfied; for he spoke not a word, though his gallant advance seemed to indicate a design of bestowing upon me a little rhetorical touch of a compliment. But, as all eyes in the room were suddenly cast upon us both, it is possible he partook a little himself of the embarrassment he could not but see that he occasioned; and was therefore unwilling, or unprepared, to hold forth so publicly upon—he scarcely perhaps knew what!—for, unless my partial Sir Joshua should just then have poured it into his ears, how little it is likely Mr. Gibbon should have heard of Evelina!"

Here too is Edmund Burke, he of the 'Sublime and Beautiful':—

"No expectation that I had formed of Mr. Burke, either from his works, his speeches, his character or his fame, had anticipated to me such a man, as I now met. He appeared, perhaps, at this moment, to the highest possible advantage in health, vivacity, and spirits. Removed from the impetuous aggravations of party contentions, that, at times, by inflaming his passions, seem, momentarily at least, to disorder his character, he was lulled into gentleness by the grateful feelings of prosperity; exhilarated, but not intoxicated, by sudden success; and just risen, after toiling years of failures, disappointments, fire and fury, to place, affluence and honours; which were brightly smiling on the zenith of his powers. He looked, indeed, as if he had no wish but to diffuse philanthropy, pleasure, and genial gaiety all around."

"His figure, when he is not negligent in his carriage, is noble; his air, commanding; his address, graceful; his voice clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language, copious, eloquent, and changeably impressive; his manners are attractive; his conversation is past all praise!"

Poema Canino-Anglico-Latinum, super Adventu recenti Serenissimarum Principum, &c.—(A Poem in Dog-English-Latin, &c.)
Oxford: Talboys.

Thus amusing little *jeu d'esprit* describes the recent visit of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria to the University of Oxford. College jests are usually very serious matters; but this is an exception: the author displays great powers of comic description, and the art of insinuating some very severe sarcasms, under the cover of playful satire; indeed, we have not seen a macaronic poem of equal merit, since the days of Dr. Geddes. The following description of the cortege is lively, and we suppose, accurate:—

Versibus hic fortes liceat celebrare cohortes,
Norrisiasque manus, Abingdoniamque juventutem,
Multa the rain, et multa lutum, permulta caballi
Damma tulere illis: necnon viva cuique crebat
Absentum ob dominum, neque enim gens est ea, cui sit
Flectere ludus equos, et pistola tendere marko,
Ast assucta to plough, terramque invertere rastris.

The solemn farce of investing Sir John Conroy with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, (why not of Medicine or Divinity?) is very amusingly exposed:—

Dixerat: et strepitu produs, Comrole, secundo,
Phillimori deducte manu, cui tegmen honoris
Obvolvitur latos humeros subjectaque colla.
Jamque silent cuncti; tum rictor with paper in hand,
Ore rotundato narrat fortissima facta.
Heculis narrat fidem Princessis amorem,
Multaque dicta before, at que race postera dicet,
Protulit—in totum fertur vox clara theatrum—
Olli sedato respondit pectore Præses—
"Admitte causâ te, Vir Fortissime, honoris
"Doctoris gradui civili in Jure Periti."
Heu! nimium felix, civilia condere jura
Nescias, aut teneas lingua distinguere causas,
Non Lincoln's Inn illum, non Intima Tempia tulerunt,
Furcipulve ades clarum boastavit alumnus;
Nec tamen inde minis juris consultus abibat
Suffragis doctis, et serbo templa forensi
Vinxit, et insigni latus terga induit ostro
Ah! nullas miserum causas salubriter reorum.

The luncheon, the most sensible part of the entire proceedings, is duly commemorated:

Quis cladem illius luncheon, quis dishia fando
Explicit? haud equidem quaquam sint voces a hundred,
Cast iron all, omnes dapium comprehendere formas,
Magnificæ quæcum fastus evolvere cœcæ.

We hope soon to see something else from the author's Perryan pen, to which we feel grateful for a very hearty laugh; and we wish him the full enjoyment of the festive bottle, that he concludes by commanding "to be brought up and laid upon the table."

Sit satis hæc lussio—Perryam mihi pennam,
Fessa admittit Nonsense, botellas glasseque claretque,
Poscit, inexpectum cupies haurire trecenta
Pocula, terque tribus Princessam tollere cheeries—
Ergo alacres potate viri—nec fortia doctor
Pocula si quis amat, nec si commorosa magistrum
Mensa tenet socium, nec si quis bachelor aut si
Nongraduatus erit, idcirco solioris esto;
Sic honores acceptos nobis celebramus in Oxford—
Hoc juvat et melli est—non mentior—hic mihi finis.

The Life of General Sir David Baird, Bart.
G.C.B. & K.C. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

The author of these volumes is a sincere and candid man, and the materials out of which he has formed his narrative are full and unexceptionable; he has a clear notion of the character of the eminent soldier whose life he delineates, and he seems to have made himself acquainted with the business of war, and not a little with the many nations into whose countries the destinies of Britain precipitated her warriors. He is equally at home in England as in India; nor is he unfamiliar with the deserts through which his hero directed his extraordinary march, when he

brought an army from India, to aid his brethren in Egypt: neither is he a timid adventurer in the regions of biography: he is not afraid of speaking freely of thrones and dominions: he accuses General Harris, as well as Lord Wellesley, of gross partiality; nor does he hesitate to charge the East India Company of the days of Hyder Aly, with hypocrisy and injustice. These things beget confidence in his honesty: but they are accompanied with some drawbacks. The narrative is frequently confused and rambling; in its course, it somewhat resembles, from its manifold involvements, the walls of Troy, with which school-boys perplex one another; the style wants simplicity and conciseness; the two volumes might be easily made into one, and yet not one word of information be lost, nor a single touch of character neglected. Moreover, the author misses no opportunity to insult the East India Company, whom he represents as ignorant, overbearing, and rapacious; and, indeed, he seems but little satisfied with anything but the character of his hero, which he takes good care to eulogize—sometimes when little has been done to merit it. Another complaint, and we have done—the biographer disposes of too many of the most characteristic traits of his hero, in notes: we would much rather they had adorned his narrative.

The story of Sir David Baird is soon told; he was born at Newbyth, in Scotland, in December 1757; his father died while he was young, and his mother, a kind and clever lady, watched over his education, and, it is said, foretold his future fortune. He was a frank-hearted, active, and daring boy, and, having a military turn, obtained a commission in the army when but fifteen years old: he soon became a favourite with the men, and with his superior officers. He was always at his post; always vigilant and cheerful; always desirous of maintaining discipline and obedience, and ever ready to share in all the hardships and privations of his men in long marches, and was ever foremost in battle, and the last in a retreat. He was tall, well proportioned, and vigorous; few men could run from him on a fair field: his courage was high; his sense of honour keen; and in all the emergencies of war, he never lost for a moment his presence of mind. He was cheerful and animated at all times, and, ere he reached the rank of captain, was the darling of the soldiers of Macleod's Highlanders, whose favour he won by the Scottish songs which he sung, and the Scottish sayings which he related, when they halted on a march, or were preparing for battle. He was in India, when Hyder Aly burst with eighty thousand men into the Presidency of Madras, and was desperately wounded and made prisoner on that bloody field where Col. Baillie and Col. Fletcher sunk under the attack of the conqueror of the Mysore. When peace ensued, he was released from a dungeon and irons in Seringapatam; and continued to serve his country with equal courage and prudence, till the conduct of Tippoo Saib induced Lord Mornington to direct against him nearly all the disposable force of the British in India.

The army was commanded by General Harris; the officers under him, were Brigadier-General Baird, General Mathew, and Colonel Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington. In the attack on the Sultan's camp, Baird was one

of the foremost, and when the batteries had breached the walls of Seringapatam, he led the storming party, who conquered the place, slew Tippoo, and overturned his kingdom. Before the sweat was dried on his brow, he was commanded to deliver up Seringapatam to Colonel Wellesley, a junior officer; and for presuming to remonstrate with his General on this sad partiality, the conqueror of Tippoo was in danger of being tried by a court martial. It is true, that Lord Mornington embraced him, promised him many favours which he never fulfilled, and presented to him the Sultan's sword. In the midst of these agitations, he was dispatched on that extraordinary expedition, which threw the veterans of the Mysore upon the plains of Egypt, to contend with the conquerors of Italy. The patience, the courage, and fortitude with which Baird braved difficult seas, and traversed deserts, till he united his forces to those of General Hutchinson, merit a historian like Xenophon: his efforts were successful; the French, beaten and hemmed in on all sides, capitulated, and Baird returned to India: he returned, however, to be thwarted, disappointed, and in a manner insulted, by the prevalence of that favouritism, which respects neither worth nor genius. He came to England in disgust: his great merit, however, placed him at the head of that expedition which defeated the Dutch and conquered the Cape of Good Hope; but he was superseded, for presuming to serve his country, by attempting the conquest of the Spanish part of South America, in conjunction with Sir Home Popham.

On his return to England, General Baird found the ministry who had disgraced him no longer in power; he soon gained friends, who procured him a command in that expedition which was sent to menace or conquer Copenhagen, and capture the Danish fleet. When this was achieved, though not without wounds, he was sent with a portion of the army into Spain, and was united with Sir John Moore, in that disastrous retreat and astonishing victory which were alike disgraceful to the discipline, and glorious to the valour of the English. In one of the charges at the battle of Corunna, he was struck on the arm with grape shot, which smashed the bone from the elbow to the shoulder, and occasioned such pain that he was obliged to leave the field: ordinary amputation did not suffice, the shattered limb had to be removed at the socket of the shoulder: he endured the operation with wondrous fortitude. This was the last of his fields: he returned to his native land, married an accomplished lady, and died on the 18th of August, 1829, with the reputation of an eminent leader, and a gentle and generous man.

We shall now proceed to select out a few of the passages which we marked for quotation or reference as we read. The siege and storming of Seringapatam have been often described,—and, to tell the truth, with more success than in these volumes: we, however, never before met with such marked instances of preference and partiality in promotion of officers as we have found during the siege, and after the storming of the place. The readiness with which young men, of what is called gentle blood and connexion, can rise over the heads of the best and bravest officers, has long been the shame and curse of the British army. Baird, than whom a better

or worthier never drew a sword, was an early victim. On the march to Seringapatam Col. Wellesley, though a junior officer, had a larger portion of the army to command than Baird; and when the place was taken, the conqueror had to give way to the favourite—upon this he wrote the following spirited and gentlemanly letter.

To Lieutenant-General Harris, Commander-in-chief, &c. &c.

"Sir,—Having, in a letter which I had this morning the honour to address to you, given a detailed account of the assault of the fort of Seringapatam, the conduct of which you did me the honour to intrust to me, permit me now, Sir, to address you on the subject of the events which have taken place since that time.

"Having been honoured with the conduct of the assault, and having executed that duty to your satisfaction, I naturally concluded that I should have been permitted to retain the command of Seringapatam, or, at least, that I should not be superseded in it by a junior officer. Judge, then, my surprise, when expecting to have the honour of delivering to you the keys of Seringapatam, in the palace of the late Tippoo Sultan, and of congratulating you on the most brilliant victory that ever graced the British arms in India, to have an order put into my hands by Colonel Wellesley, by which I found myself instantly superseded in the command by that officer. I am really ignorant what part of my conduct could merit such treatment.

"When, on a former occasion, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the command of the detachment serving with his highness the Nizam, while I remained in charge of a brigade, you informed me that matters of a political nature made it necessary to have that officer with the Nizam's army. Although I severely felt the appointment of a junior officer to so distinguished a command, while I remained in an inferior station, I submitted to the necessity which you informed me dictated the measure; but this second supersession I feel most sensibly, as it must have the effect of leading his Majesty and the commander-in-chief in England to believe that I am not fit for any command of importance, when it has been thought proper to give the command of Seringapatam to Colonel Wellesley, while he, at the same time, continues to hold the command of the Nizam's detachment.

"In camp it is rumoured to have been at my own request that another officer was appointed to the command of Seringapatam; you, Sir, must know that this is not the case. The request, if made, must have been made by me to you; and, so far from its ever being my intention to make such a request, if (after the assurances I have repeatedly received from you, that you would take the first opportunity of placing me in a situation more adequate to the rank I hold than that of the command of a brigade,) I had deemed it necessary to make any request to you, it would have been to be placed in the command of Seringapatam; and when I reflected that my two seniors, belonging to the coast army, continued to stand appointed to the northern and southern divisions of the Carnatic, and that the Hon. Col. Wellesley, the next junior to me, stood appointed to the command of an army, while I remained in charge of a brigade, I should have felt that I was hinting a doubt, which I never entertained, of the sincerity of those assurances, if I had made a particular application for the command of Seringapatam—indeed, I could not think it necessary. * * *

"I cannot but feel obliged by your having enabled me to act so distinguished a part in the storm, though I find so little attention has, in every other instance, been paid to my requests,

that I am almost led to believe my being employed on that occasion, was owing to my being the only officer of rank who had made a voluntary offer of his services.

"I request that copies of this letter may be transmitted to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander-in-chief, for the information of his Majesty, that, at the same time he is informed of my having been twice superseded by Colonel Wellesley, he may be in possession of such reasons as you shall think proper to give for it, that he may be satisfied the measure was dictated by necessity, and not by any want of capacity on my part to fill the situation.

"I have the honour, &c.

"D. BAIRD."

The reply of the Commander-in-Chief is such as the temperate letter of Baird did in no wise warrant: we print it for the consolation of officers in our service, who may have had the pain of seeing their honours usurped, and their claims disregarded, by hailing generals clothed in a little brief authority:—

"I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of the very improper letter which accompanied your report.

"The distinguished command for which you were selected by the commander-in-chief, and the sentiments he has so publicly and recently expressed on that occasion, sufficiently mark what was his sense of your military merit; and it is with regret that he now finds himself compelled to blame a total want of discretion and respect in an officer of your high rank and length of service, in terms so opposite to those in which he was lately so happy to applaud your gallantry, humanity, and zeal.

"Lieutenant-General Harris is persuaded that an officer who thinks himself authorized to remonstrate with his immediate superior, can never be usefully employed in the army he commands. Should you, therefore, continue to hold sentiments so opposite to the principles of military subordination, you have his permission to proceed by the first safe conveyance to Fort St. George.

"The commander-in-chief will certainly forward to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, copies of your letter and his reply.—I have the honour to be, Sir, Your very obedient servant,

"(Signed) P. A. AGNEW,

"Mil. Sec. to the Commander-in-chief."

From the Mysore, we make a start to the great desert of Upper Egypt, over which it was the destiny of Baird to march, when he moved to attack the relict of Napoleon's fine army. We seemed to be reading a page out of Bruce, when we came to the judicious precautions taken for crossing those burning deserts. The picture of the march is given by the Count de Noé, who served under Col. Beresford, who was joined with Baird in the expedition.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon," he tells us in his narrative, "we began to move from Kosseir; and at two o'clock on the following morning arrived at the first springs, sixteen miles from that place. During the whole of this dreary progress, not the smallest trace of vegetation was visible. It was only when we reached the station where the springs were, that we saw a few straggling stumps of a plant, the leaves of which were round, and highly aromatic, resembling in appearance pieces of grey velvet. The water, without being exactly good," says the count, "was better than that which we had left at Kosseir. We established ourselves in the valley, and rested ourselves under a steep and rugged rock, at the foot of which the springs were situated.

"Some of our rear-guard who had straggled,

were obliged to increase their rate of marching, in order to come up with us; and to effect this object, they had ventured to brave the scorching rays of the sun, and all the miseries of excessive thirst. They at length rejoined us, but so exhausted by fatigue, that one of the party actually died in my tent soon after his arrival. We buried him at the foot of the rock.

"At this place we made a melancholy discovery; one of our officers having thought proper to climb up the side of the rock, was shocked by the sight of the corpses of five or six English marines, which the sun had completely dried up. They no doubt had belonged to His Majesty's frigate Fox, which had some time before landed some men at Kosseir; and, as we have already stated, received a very warm reception from the French.

"General Baird," continues the Count de Noé, "came to pay us a visit at this place, and told us that Colonel Beresford was in want of provisions and water. We immediately despatched as much of both as we could possibly spare, and sent them forward, notwithstanding that our own stock was by no means abundant. The springs were nearly dry, and we were obliged frequently to wait till nature replenished them. In the midst of the suffocating heat, only two bottles and a half of water per man, per diem, could be spared. But our comrades at Moilah were in absolute want, and we did not pause for a moment to calculate the probability of any distress which might arise to ourselves, but gave them all we could spare. Amongst the expedients which it occurred to me to try in order if not to quench, at least to allay my thirst, was that of carrying a small pebble in my mouth, which kept my tongue moist, and very materially alleviated the distress of the march."

We could find many passages recording the retreat of Sir John Moore, worthy of extracting, and many letters complaining of the undue preference shown to officers of lower rank, worthy the serious consideration of all those who may desire to serve their country; but we must take leave of our author, and we do so, with the hope that when we meet again, he may have retained all his candour, and hearty dislike of favouritism.

The String of Pearls. By the Author of 'Darnley.' London: Bentley.

These volumes will not increase the merited fame of the writer; nor will they, on the other hand, take a leaf from his well-earned laurels. They were manifestly written when his mind was as yet immature, and ere his powers were fully concentrated; when imagination had not learned the obedience due to judgment, nor the creative power of fiction acquired a knowledge of all the homage due to truth. The tales are a direct imitation of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, written with something of the wild and almost extravagant spirit of the Orientals, but too frequently deficient in that truth of colouring and costume, which render the tales of the Princess Scheherazade so truly delightful. The work is interesting, as an example of the first flights by which genius tries its strength of wing, and there are many passages from which the triumphs of the author's subsequent course might have been predicted; but it is not a work that would bear criticism. It is well adapted for a Christmas present to young persons; for though there are some inaccuracies in the description of eastern manners, yet, on the whole, the volumes convey

a good general outline of the Mohammedan customs and opinions.

It is pleasing to contrast the author's modest preface, with the outrageous puffing of his publisher: we regret sincerely, that such a man as Mr. James should be subjected to the process of offensive daubing, which is so much the fashion in New Burlington Street. He must himself be disgusted at beholding this trifle described in terms, which might have suited 'Darnley' or 'Riche-lieu,' but which, applied to a collection of tales for youth, are equally ridiculous and disgusting.

The Bird of the Beeches: in Four Cantos. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

No man in his sleep could have poured out so many coherent and connected lines as are strung together in this odd poem; and yet no man perfectly awake could have penned such unsober seriousness, or permitted it to pass through the press. How are we to understand such passages as the following?—

So, from traditionary lore,
Sings, or corrupts hearsays before,
A minstrel, or, in palmer's weed,
One not unused to thought and deed.
Nor did the racing shadows pass
Of clouds, the moon flung on the grass,
More swiftly, than the flitting crew
Of fancies print his forehead's hue;
You might have guessed him by his mien
Some less than forty summers seen;
Yet his looks did the staining seal
Of knowledge's forbidden peat;
And his smile's flower like tracery caught
The melancholy tinge of thought.
Existence he had drunk, till all
The wine was lees, the lees were gall,
And, ambushed in a garb of peace,
Lay coiled a heart but ill at ease;
Yet little of the snake it knew,
Frore to be undone, not nude;
Or, if the fangs unsheathed by stealth,
Drew all the venom to its health.
His soul not so le on books had pored;
An action fitted to the word,
Shewed music sometimes awaked from mildest;
At once the gentlest and the wildest—
His forehead arched, with few hairs decked,
Hot blood and fiery intellect;
Not tall, yet with his soul's strength, grew,
Wider and statelier to view,
Or eye's flame tricked, when flashed his hate,
Or tight'n'g muscles raised his gait,
Such, in the volume of the look,
Read, who read margins, not the book,
Him ciphered clear by him who writ
Soul's hieroglyphic manuscript;
Yet, though plain language spoke his eyes,
His costume savoured of disguise;
Beneath the pilgrim's grey weeds glance
Reflections, like a steely lance,
Bright knots that tied his iron thigh
Caught ever and anon the eye,
As loosely to the cittern bent,
Unkenning none, yet by one leant,
He flung his feelings from the heart,
Forgetting the dramatic part.

We think the account of the wolf's attempt to destroy the cat, the heroine, quite a masterpiece in its way:—

Hark! flies being's delicious taste—
'Tis Satan marring God's create—
A monster, foe to joy and sleep,
The Kouli-khan of trembling sheep.
The wolfish progeny of hell,
Bursts from the wood with howling yell;
Long had he scourged the shepherd's rode,
Too strong for weakness; force, too shrewd;
Each night, the ruthless fiend's success,
Each day attested his address;
In vain they arm, by trick out-rused;
In vain they watch, to watching used;
Fame's babbling tongue his blazon howled,
The vilest wolf that ever prowled.

And now to Cara's favourite seat
The skulking felon steals his feet;
O'er reach leers in his twinkling eye—
O, how I hate a cunning eye!
But, villain, dost thou estimate
The price of this unvalued meat?
The fairest morsel of the world
Down thy profane gullet hurled?

Or art thou, by the tempter driven,
To gulp the epitome of heaven?
And, thy gaunt ugliness to bask,
Beauty's grim sepulchre to stalk?
Hold, hold, thy Tarquin steps, nor dare
O'er chastity's sweet treasure glare;
Nor swallow Dian's living fane,
To buy eternity of shame.

Perhaps our readers are already cloyed with these poetic viands: from dull and from commonplace verse—the curse of the age—we have prayed oft to be delivered: the 'Bird of the Beeches' is neither dull nor commonplace; yet it is of a kind we cannot commend.

The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all parts of the World. By C. Mac Farlane, Esq. London: Bull.

THE life of a robber-chief, when told in sober seriousness, is a loathsome detail of crime, cruelty, and bloodshed. The poet or the narrator may throw over it the splendid robe of romance; associate his hero with all that is beautiful or sublime in nature—with feeling and generosity—with joyous revelry and wild liberty—but, in truth, the heart of such a man is closed to all gentle influence; the mountain and the valley, and all the beauties of nature, in which innocence delights, are to him but as the lair to the wild beast—he is everywhere, and in all countries, a poor skulking coward—shunned by, and shunning his fellow men—feared by, and fearing his very companions in crime; and the most celebrated of banditti have turned out, on near examination, to be low and vulgar ruffians, distinguished only from the common herd by their greater atrocities and crimes. Still, we admit, that such works have been popular—they are exciting to the dull appetite of the commonalty—a sort of intellectual dram:—whether we are wiser in our generation than our forefathers, remains to be proved.

We enter this, our critical protest, as becomes us; but we suspect it will go for nothing, after reading Mr. Mac Farlane's pleasant preface, which is a delightful piece of sobered enthusiasm, and about as perfect an Italian picture as we have looked on, since we cast an eye over the vast extent of the Pontine Marshes, from the gates of Terracina, the stronghold of the Italian brigands, and saw the tamed ruffians sunning themselves in idleness under its walls. To all, indeed, who have any relish for this sort of reading, Mr. Mac Farlane's book will be acceptable: we must honestly acknowledge, that he not unfrequently witted us with his narratives—he has, in truth, done more with his subject than we thought it admitted of; and if we had not both important works and important papers to fill up our columns this week, we might have given a few extracts.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures; with Historical and Critical Descriptions by Allan Cunningham. No. III.

THIS is by far the best number we have yet seen of this cheap and beautiful work. We have before spoken of the excellence of the engravings; but from the critical notices accompanying them we must now make a few extracts. The following is a true estimate of the powers of

Vandyke.

"It is said by Dryden that Shakspeare never ventured but once to paint a true gentleman; Vandyke could delineate nothing else; his Dutch

artists and burgomasters look equal to the founding of academies and the establishment of empires; and the splendid file of nobles and warriors whom he painted during the days of Charles the First seem to have been extinguished in the great civil war, for our painters can seldom find such heads to limn in these later days. * * * The true way to estimate the great merit of Vandyke is to take up Clarendon, and while we read the historian's characters of the chiefs of his time, compare them with the heads of the painter; there is a singular resemblance between them, which shows that the artist had something more than outward shape in his mind when he painted portraits. * * *

"It was the aim of that great master to paint more than what he saw—to represent the qualities of mind; moreover he considered it necessary to tamper with living forms; he looked on them with a scientific eye; he lessened without hurting the character of a large mouth or nose; he refused to perpetuate what he considered the excesses of nature, and sought to preserve individual likeness, while he brought it closer to the rules of science. Had the heads of Vandyke been confronted with the living originals, the compasses of mechanical criticism might have shown them incorrect as to exact quantity, while true judgment would have felt the truth and force of the mental expression. Many artists will consider these remarks as flat heresy; they are true nevertheless; and the finest heads in modern painting and sculpture are executed on these principles."

Equally excellent is the criticism upon

Wilson.

"Wilson was none of the literal copyists of nature who, unless it please the earth, sea, and air, to unite into one splendid landscape, and appear before them really and truly, have no chance of ever being heard of. He was one of the most poetic painters of inanimate things that ever lived; he had the rare faculty of extracting whatever was lovely or grand from the aspect of nature, of uniting the beautiful of what he saw with the beautiful of what he imagined, and forming the whole into one magnificent picture, in which all that was fair on earth was blended with all that was sublime in heaven. Nothing was to Wilson so depressing as a common scene, nothing so elevating as a poetic one; in this he resembled our greatest poets. A landscape of his reminds us, as much as the harmony of colours can, of the scenes in the Seasons of Thomson; all with him was poetic, he admitted nothing amusing or ordinary upon his canvas. He went out to the valleys and to the mountains, not so much to look at them as to hold conversation with them; with him romantic glens lived, picturesque hills breathed, haunted rivers spoke, and the assembled clouds of heaven edged with sunshine, or touched with lightning, were as something spiritual which exalted his mind and communicated supernatural brilliancy to his fancy. Yet if he is never wholly on the earth, he is never altogether in the clouds; his most fanciful scenes are linked to our feelings by a thousand ties of nature, poetry or history real or fabulous. If his clouds seem ever overcharged with their burthens, figures of angry gods are seen dimly in them discharging arrows at the sinning sons of men; if the scene threatens a barren magnificence, he brings it back to our sympathy by the shepherd hurrying his flock over it, or by the figure of some traveller bewildered in the splendour of hills heaped upon hills, and Alps on Alps; or, if he chooses to depict some quiet and lonely lake, with the heron on its winding margin, and the shadows of lambs on its bosom, he connects it with sterner times by the rough outline of some castle or keep, standing like a sentinel by the silent water, or with some now neglected temple for

worship, where gods of wood or stone had niches and altars.

"Of the latter kind of landscape the scene attached to these pages is an example; the quiet poetic beauty which Wilson occasionally loved is there: there are cattle on shore, anglers watching with their rods, water-lilies lying white on the lake, while overlooking the whole a dark peaked mountain, with a ruined fortress at its base, connects history with natural grandeur. To interrupt the long extent of mountain, and give life to the slumbering lake, the painter has dashed in a bold abrupt headland, rough with rocks, fringed to the water's edge with trees and shrubs, and crowned with an ivied ruin, evidently the reliques of a feudal tower, which in times of strife and commotion afforded shelter and protection to the lords of the land. There are few of Wilson's landscapes without water, he had a sort of island love for the element, and no one has painted it with more truth and beauty. Indeed, he would have backed a waterfall against a king's coronation at any time; he loved whatever was immutable and undying.

"The bright unchanging glory of the eternal hills he reckoned as something worth living for, while men were but dust in the balance. It was this enthusiastic feeling which enabled him to triumph in the race of future, not immediate fame, over all opponents."

Such a number as this ought to introduce the work into every drawing-room, and thus secure to Mr. Major that reward which his increased exertions so well merit.

Erinnerungen aus den Leben eines Deutschen in Paris. Von G. P. Depping. (Recollections from the Life of a German in Paris.)

(Second Notice.)

WE resume our translations from this pleasant volume. Having been elected member of the *Société des Antiquaires*, M. Depping was in the habit of seeing at its meetings some of the most celebrated literary characters of the day; and the following is a sketch of M. Dulaure, the author of the well-known 'Histoire de Paris.'

"M. Dulaure had examined more profoundly into the manners of the French during the middle ages, than any other historian. Before the Revolution, he was a priest at Auvergne, but during that stormy time, he left his obscurity and his priestly office together, entered the marriage state, and was called to the National Convention. There he voted for the death of Louis XVI. Soon after, he became editor or principal contributor to a daily paper, conducted with great spirit; but being thought too moderate by the party of furious demagogues, he was obliged to take refuge in Switzerland. He then withdrew altogether from public life, and occupied himself with researches into the history of the middle ages. He was an accomplished critic, and thoroughly versed in the history of France. The crimes of kings, the nobility, and the priesthood, had particularly occupied his attention, and he could relate all sorts of anecdotes respecting them,—as, indeed, his History of Paris testifies. In his hands the history of France appears in quite a different light from that in which it is represented by former writers, who wrote with the approbation of the censor, and were bearded and pensioned accordingly. When any one spoke in the Antiquarian Society in the old court style of kings, nobles, and priests, Dulaure would soon set him right, with some overwhelming fact. I never knew any one who had so completely stripped off the prejudices of former years, and who drew so melancholy a picture of

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the middle ages. For him those times had no romantic illusions. His History of Paris is written wholly in this spirit; and although he has not always done sufficient justice to human nature, which even in barbarous times displays great virtues, yet, in general, his freedom from all ordinary prejudices, is at once original, and worthy of reflection. Time had made no alteration in his opinions; and in his old age he was as opposed as ever to the privileged classes, and maintained his firm conviction, that in voting for the death of Louis XVI. he had done no more than his duty."

Some one had remarked of M. Depping, in a work of contemporary biography, that his productions alone would fill a library. This was said disparagingly; and the author acknowledges that, many of his school-books, and others, being written on the spur of the moment, he was compelled to wait till new editions were called for, in order to improve them and divest them of the imperfections consequent on hurried composition.

"Fortunate are the writers," he observes, "who, like Choiseul-Gouffier,† Madame de Staël, and others, can go leisurely over their writings, and get their friends to examine them, and can refrain from printing until their works have received the last polish. The public makes no allowances for the situation of the writer, but looks only at his works, without taking the trouble to consider how they arrived at their present state—without reflecting whether the author is a man of independent fortune, luxuriating in the midst of an extensive library, and amply provided with all means and appliances, who can finish his works at his leisure, and get his friends to look over them and suggest improvements,—or, whether he is one, whose first care must be to obtain the means of living by the sale of his works, and whose command of books and other needful aids is painfully limited and imperfect. The reading public judges like the audience in the theatre, and decides from what appears upon the scene, not from what is transacted behind it."

Now, however, fortune began to favour our author. He had long felt the necessity of occupying himself on some work of greater importance, if he would acquire a lasting reputation in literature, and an opportunity now presented itself. At the commencement of his literary career it had been a favourite project, on which he had long meditated, to write the History of the Settlement of the Normans in France. As soon as he could command the necessary leisure, it was his intention to make himself quite familiar with the style of the Chroniclers, and to write the history of the Normans in imitation of it. In 1820 the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres proposed a prize essay on the Causes of the Emigration of the Normans, to be drawn up from the records both of the north and south of Europe; and on their Establishment in France. Depping now set to work in good earnest, encouraged also by the advice of many of his friends. Finding that a knowledge of the northern languages was indispensably necessary, in a few months he made himself sufficiently master of the Danish and Swedish, and acquired some knowledge of the Icelandic, although the laconic poetry of the latter remained always a mystery to him. Proceeding to the study of authorities, his enthusiasm for his labour increased as he went on. He

felt that kind of ferment in his mind that Rousseau experienced, when he formed the resolution of replying to the invitation of the Academy of Dijon, when it proposed a prize essay on the Influence of Literature on Morals. In this favourable state of enthusiastic excitement he finished his work, and awaited the result of the examination with corresponding anxiety. The day of the decision drew on. Every hour seemed an age. Shut up in his study, every sound seemed to be the knell of his fate. But how rapturous were his feelings of joy when the prize was announced to be his! A moment of such pure delight he acknowledges never to have experienced before or since, although his work on 'The Commerce of the Levant,' received the same proud distinction.

Depping is, indeed, one of those rare mortals who love literature for its own sake, for its pure and elevating pleasures, its healthful and harmonizing influences. His whole life has been spent among books, and in that moderate enjoyment of society which gives a fresh zest to the solitary labours of the student. We recommend his work as an excellent course of German reading, and as a fund of amusing and pleasant anecdote.

The Invalid's Help to Prayer and Meditation: with Prayers, &c. in Behalf, and on the Loss, of Relatives and Friends. By the Rev. E. P. Hannam, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

THERE are certain duties pertaining to the office of religious teachers, which it requires considerable experience and a very sincere piety to perform well. In the early days of the Church, public teaching was never regarded as sufficient to preserve its members in the firm profession of their faith. Much less was it supposed, that outward and ordinary offices could supply the wants of those who were expected to look for their chief strength and consolation from Christian doctrine. To visit the sick and afflicted, was, therefore, one of the obligations of the first pastors of the Church; and we suspect it will invariably be found, that, both in sects and establishments, attention to this obligation is in proportion to the soundness of their constitution. The little work before us is eminently calculated to do good, in helping the inexperienced, and supplying the defects of the careless, in the performance of this duty. Mr. Hannam's treatise, founded on experience and good sense, should be in the hands of every young and conscientious clergyman, when called upon to visit and give counsel to the sick.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FAMILY LIBRARY.—'Life of Peter the Great.'—In this life of the true founder of Russian greatness, there are many curious anecdotes of his doings as a shipwright, in England and Holland; many pleasant details of his foibles as a man and a monarch; much that is interesting in the narrative of wars with the Swede and the Turk; nor is the account of his contest with the ambition of his clergy, and the prejudices of his people, less instructive than amusing. Perhaps the most racy portion is Dr. Birch's gossiping description of the Tzar's mode of entertaining the ambassadors of foreign states, and his own ministers. First, there was a rough scuffle for seats; secondly, a regular row about the dishes; thirdly, a general contest at the bottle;—not to speak of the apprehension which the guests entertained of swallowing "eye of newt and toe of frog," or of some well seasoned dish, fit to move all stomachs not accustomed to horse-flesh and train oil. There is, however, one se-

rious objection to the work—it was not wanted. That, we fear, Mr. Murray will discover, and therefore, we need say no more on the subject. It has besides some faults; the narrative is huddled together too much in one place, and expanded too much in another: some of the dates are wrong, and sundry of the quotations incorrect. The father of Peter is made to die some years before his son was born, in one page, and in another, he comes to life and dies according to history; something too, that was done in 1685, is postponed for a hundred years. The line of Blair—

Like angel visits, few and far between,
is given to Dr. Young, and the severe one of Pope

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede,
is misquoted. Moreover, we think the author is more stern with Charles, and more mild with Peter, than history authorizes. We could have supplied a much better version of the story of General Gordon's introduction to the Tzar, than the text gives. The faults are, however, as nothing compared to the merits of the memoir.

'British Flowering Plants; drawn from Nature, and Engraved under the direction of Mr. William Baxter, A.L.S., F.H.S., &c. Curator of the Oxford Botanic Garden.'—A useful little work, much wanted, and well adapted to giving the learner a clear idea of the characters, upon which the modern genera of plants are constructed. It will also be found serviceable to the student of the natural system of Botany. The plan of the author is to illustrate a single species of every genus of British flowering plants, by a coloured plate containing, along with a characteristic figure of the foliage and flowers, an analysis of such parts of the fructification as are principally employed in distinguishing genera from each other. The letter-press is very satisfactory, the plates are carefully executed, and the whole work reflects credit upon the author.

'The Poetic Negligée, for 1833.'—This is a very pretty book: it is bound in silk, lettered in gold, and printed on coloured paper, and made in all respects, save one, worthy of a lady's hand. It must have been written by a foreigner, who, ignorant of our manners, and with notions of female delicacy not at all English, has filled his volume with verses of questionable purity, both in sentiment and language. We are sorry for this; first, for the author's sake, who will, doubtless, be roughly treated by the critics; and secondly, because there are snatches of poetry scattered about, which show that he lives in the neighbourhood, if not in the company, of the muse.

'Sunshine; or, Lays for Ladies.'—This little work might have been called Moonshine, with some propriety; it is addressed to those who love the lute and the moonlight; it is full of mirth and agreeable gaiety, with here and there touches of seriousness as well as beauty.

'The Island of the Propontis, and other Poems; by J. Pinkerton.'—There is some poetry and elegance about the mind which produced these verses; but there is little vigour. There are few pictures, which we have not seen more brightly drawn, and few sentiments which we have not heard more poetically uttered. The mustering together of splendid words, or drawing them up in harmonious array, is the least difficult part of the poet's task: to pour that inspiration into them, which comes from feeling and passion, is the most important part of his duty. We could, however, find passages both to quote and praise in this little volume.

'Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall.'—We are indebted to Mr. Carlos, one of the Committee for the preservation of that ancient structure, for this very pleasant account of the building and its founder.

† Author of a *Voyage Pittoresque dans la Grèce*, the last part of which appeared but a few years ago, at an interval of forty years from the publication of the first.

'Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Hastings and St. Leonard's.'—If the same good taste continues to preside over the future volumes, as has done over the past, Mr. Kidd will grow into fame for his little tasty illustrated works.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

A VISION OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY A DROUTHY BRITHER.

It chanced—the truth I winna hide,
I'll tell 't, though it should hurt my pride,—
Elders themselves hae gaen aside,
Whase fauts are few,—
Ae nicht last ook it did betide
That I gat fou'.

Glass after glass gae joukin' past,
Ye'd thoct there was a glamour cast,
They glinted frae our een sae fast,
The diel be thankit;
Ilk ane was nappier than the last,
So 'feth, I drank it.

At last, as hamewards I was snoovin'
A sort o' zig-zag problem provin',
An' yaup for fechtin' or for lovin',
A' ane to me,—
A form portentous, strange, an' movin',
Did meet my e'e.

It was ow'r shadowy to be leevin',
Ow'r yirthly-like to be deceivin';
A messenger, thinks I, frae heaven,
Or else frae hell,—
Whether for blessin' or for grievin',
I could na tell.

He extered me polite an' ceevil,
An' said he saw my case was evil,
An' no just in a state to travel,
So down we sat;
Thinks I, "this gentleman 's nae deevil,
Is hae a chat."

"Kind Sir," quo' I, as smooth's the Franks,
"I'm no just steady on my shanks:
O weary fa' the wasome pranks,
O wine an' distance!
Ye's aye be welcome to my thanks,
For yer assistance."

"A kintraman! I ken yer tongue;
Sic was the langwidge, braid an' strong,
That Fergusson an' Ramsay sung!
My heart aye yearns
To a' frae gallant Scotia sprung—
My name's Rab Burns!"

Wi' hat in han' I boo'd wi' fear,
That ever glorious name to hear,
An' thoct that frae the eternal sphere
The bard had come
His lowliest worshipper to cheer,
An' I was dumb.

"Scotsman, whae'er ye are," he said,—
An' ance again I boo'd my head,
An' listen'd his commands wi' dread,—
"Whate'er yer station,
Whate'er yer fortin, rank, or tred,
The pen's d—mn—n!"

"The diel a yammer-headed chiel,
Wha'd maybe drive a waggon wheel,
Or aiblins turn a spinnin' wheel,
Without much flytin';
But sune as ever he can spell,
Taks on to writin'."

"They think't's a trifle noo-a-days,
To spiel Parnassus stieveest braes,
An' mak' Apollo's pipe to wheeze,
Like penny whistle,
An' clutchin' greedily at the bays,
Grab up a thistle!"

"Yet some there be wi' wit at will,
Wha sing or play wi' eident skill,
And spread the bonny muse's rill,
Through bow'r and hallan'—
And tapmost on the forkit hill,
Is Elvar Allan."

"To thwart God's plans is surely crime,
But folk ordain'd frae endless time,
The tailor's foot-board bauld to climb,
An' men' auld claes,
Break the decrees and rush in rhyme,
To patch up plays."

"It's just amazin' to remark,
Hoo sune ilk citra-Tweedian spark
Sets up to be a meusefu' clerk,
In lair to dribble,—
Hech, Sirs! it's surely easy wark
To sit and scribble."

"An' sic a routin', rivin' crew!
Wi' Paper, Magazine, Review,
They rin ilk course o' learnin' through,
An' never stammer,
Tales, poetry, it's a' ae do,
Thocht, sense, or grammar;

"But chiefly do they tak' delight
To show their burnin', shinin' licht,
In makin' darkest subjects bricht,—
'Twad mak ane sea-sick
To hear their blethers, when they fight
'Bout meatan' phiesic."

"Oh, Sir!" the form gae on to say:
"Forswear the writin' tred for aye;
An' whan yer head is auld an' grey,
Ye'll gie me credit,
An' thank me till yer deecin' day,
An' mind I said it."

"The haverin', drucken, witless bodies,
Are a' sae manfu' ow'r their toddies,
They come an' cock their pridefu' fuddies
Wi' ostentation,
Till we're aye forced to tak' the cuddies
Aff to the station."

"Station?" quo' I: "oh, wondrous spirit!
Bricht paragon o' wit and merit!
Shade o' great Rab!"—"I winna bear it—
Hoots! hand your peace, man!"
He said—an' mazed was I to hear it—
"I'm a policeman!"

Nov. 1832.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE DEPOSING OF FERDINAND, KING OF SPAIN, IN 1832.

[TOWARDS the close of 1830, we published some highly-interesting extracts from a manuscript work, under the title of 'Spain in 1829 and 1830,' which had been brought from that country for publication. Political reasons subsequently induced the parties to abandon their intention, and required that we should not name the writers. The same cause is no longer influential; and we may now state that it was principally written by Mr. Patrick Butler, an Irish gentleman, who had resided many years in Spain; and that Don J. Lopez Quiros contributed the notes, some chapters on the Secret Societies, and the history of the last Cortes. Both parties are since dead. We do not know what has become of the manuscript; but having heard lately that a translation is likely to appear in French, it follows that it is still in existence.—Among the many extracts we made at the time, one is the history of the famous sitting of the Cortes, when Ferdinand was deposed. As this deposing forms a ground for special exception in the late act of amnesty,—(the Queen's words are, "that she is obliged, much against her inclination, to exclude from it all who had the misfortune to vote the deposition of the king at Seville.")—the following authentic information relating to the subject cannot fail to be interesting to the public.]

Early in June (1823), it began to be rumoured at Seville, that the French were advancing towards the Sierra Morena; and it was feared that they would cross the mountains, and penetrate into Andalusia with very little opposition. The Sierra Morena was defended by four thousand infantry, almost all recruits, and by an excellent body of cavalry; but which, under circumstances, could be of little service. The ministry shared the fears of the rest of the liberals; and, on the 4th of June, a board of general officers was called, and their opinion asked, whether it was possible to defend Andalusia, and where the government could retire, in case the French armies penetrated into the province?

† Qu. Metaphesics.

The generals were unanimously of opinion that it was not possible to prevent the French crossing the Sierra Morena; and that Cadiz was the only place in which the government could be secure against any sudden irruption and attack. On the morning of the 10th of June there was a secret meeting of the Cortes, in which the minister Calatrava read an official letter from Quijana, the political chief of Ciudad Real, which began with the extraordinary acknowledgment, 'We have lost all—even our honour'; and went on to state that the French, taking advantage of the absence of Brigadier-General Plasencia, who had gone with the cavalry to attack the guerrillas of Locho, had dispersed the division of the Sierra Morena, and crossed the mountains. The Cortes separated, desiring the ministers to do their duty; and as the only course that remained was to retire to Cadiz as soon as possible, the ministers so advised the king, informing him of the resolutions of the board of general officers. The king, however, refused to decide on any course until the council of state had been consulted. The members of the council, like every other person in Seville, knew well enough what were the feelings and wishes of the king, and fearful of giving offence, and personally a good deal alarmed, they offered the most extravagant and absurd opinions: some advised a removal to Algeciras, and then to Ceuta; others to Gibraltar; one wanted further information; and Ciscar alone agreed with the ministers in the absolute necessity of retiring to Cadiz. The ministers now went in a body to the king, who informed them that he was resolved not to leave Seville, assigning as a reason the possible danger of getting the yellow fever at Cadiz, if by chance it appeared there, as had sometimes been the case. The ministers urged upon him the absolute necessity of removal; the king, however, was firm; and the ministers retired without having in the least shaken his resolution.

In the meantime the greatest agitation prevailed among the liberals: all the various branches of the secret societies held general meetings that night; and in some of them it was proposed to put the king to death. It was subsequently discovered that these proposals came from persons who were the secret emissaries of the king, which proves that such propositions were merely put forward to ascertain the feelings of the liberals on this point. Everywhere the proposal was rejected;—there were but few influential men who were not of opinion that the putting the king to death would not merely be useless, but positively injurious to their cause; and as the ministers had the prudence not to make known the king's answer, it was resolved, in all the meetings, after very stormy debates, to wait till next day, in the hope that he would be prevailed on to leave Seville.

In the meanwhile, the royalists were not asleep. General Downie, with the canons and friars, who formed the directing junto of the party, met together, and decided on advising the king to leave Seville secretly that night, and go over to the French. There is now little doubt that it would have been easy for him to have done so, and such a proceeding would have been a death-blow to the liberal party; but the king wanted courage, and dared not move. The junto determined, in consequence, to raise the populace of Seville: Downie was appointed to direct and command, and received a large sum of money to distribute among them. He began to recruit that very night; but his career was short, as will be seen hereafter.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the 11th of June, the members of the Cortes were all assembled, and the minister, Calatrava, reported to them in detail, and in the lobby before the sitting began, what had passed between the king and the ministers the night before. Calatrava

was evidently greatly agitated; and he begged earnestly of the deputies not to expose the ministry, adding, that, seeing they had no chance of shaking the king's resolution, they had tendered their resignations, which he had refused to accept. It was now clear that the ministry dared not take such extraordinary measures as were necessary to compel the king to leave Seville; and that unless the Cortes took the responsibility on themselves, either the French would surprise them there, or, which was more probable, the liberals would break out into open revolt; and as the garrison of Seville was composed of the most enthusiastic of the whole party, they would, in all probability, oblige the king and Cortes together to leave the city at the point of the bayonet, and in the height of confusion and disorder, the consequences of which could not be foreseen. Then it was, and for the first time, that a well-known member proposed to depose the king, and gave notice of his intention to move a resolution on the subject. Others, however, pointed to Galiano to direct this important business of the sitting, and it was immediately agreed to.

It has been repeatedly asserted that the deposition of the king had been previously discussed and agreed to in the meetings of the secret societies; this is not true. The writer of this sketch was at that time president of one of the lodges of Freemasons. It was his duty to attend the *Capitulo*, or principal lodge, to receive orders; and after a most stormy discussion, he was directed, with several others, to proceed to both the assemblies of the *Comuneros*, and propose to them to send deputies to a meeting of representatives of the three societies. In this they were not successful, because the constitutional *Comuneros* had no confidence in the other society; but he never heard one word about deposing the king, though he did a great deal about much more violent measures. Indeed, the members of the Cortes, who belonged to those societies, and attended the meetings, with one only exception, earnestly advised them to wait till the morning; and it is mainly owing to their influence and exertions that Seville did not exhibit on that night a counterpart of the horrors of the French revolution. The idea of temporarily deposing the king, was a natural consequence of the situation in which the Cortes found itself; and the best proof is, that many voted for it who did not belong to the secret societies, and whose only desire was to avoid confusion and bloodshed. All the deputies present at Seville, amounting to 102, attended this important sitting;—of these, forty-five were *Exaltados*,† forty-four belonged to the party of *Arguelles*, and thirteen were considered as being more royalists than liberals, though they deny it. As soon as the sitting began, Galiano rose, and moved that the Cortes should send for the ministers, to know from them the true state of the country, and the measures they had taken. This was immediately approved, as well as an addition moved by *Arguelles*, that the sitting should be permanent till the object of the Cortes was accomplished. The ministers attended; but before they began to speak, General Alava rose and said, that as the present debate was of the utmost importance, it would be necessary to enforce most peremptorily the rule which forbade all persons in the galleries from expressing either approbation or disapprobation. This was immediately agreed to, and the president declared his determination to enforce obedience, if the spectators forgot their duty. General Alava's suggestion was, in truth, most opportune, for the galleries were filled with enthusiastic liberals, who had already begun to make their opinions known; but on hearing the president's threat, the greater part immediately retired—for what purpose will hereafter

appear. From that moment, however, the sitting was conducted with the greatest dignity and calmness.

Galiano immediately after began by asking the Minister of War the position and strength of the enemy, and the resources he had at command to oppose them. If anything could have made the Cortes pause, it was the answer of the minister, who, in a long speech, endeavoured to prove that there was no possible chance of successfully opposing them. As it was well known that the minister greatly exaggerated the strength of the French army, and much underrated that of the Spaniards, and as he was undoubtedly a most honourable man, and incapable of doing so intentionally, it was thought that he must be mad; and there was soon but too much reason to believe that this was the fact, for he committed suicide a few days after. During the delivery of this speech the deputies manifested the greatest impatience; and Galiano, who had asked the question, was not a little puzzled by the unexpected answer:—however, without any comment, he requested to know, from another of the ministers, what measures had been taken to prevent surprise and the capture of the king. Calatrava replied by stating what has been before mentioned respecting the decision of the board of general officers, and the proceedings of the council; adding, that the ministers had communicated these opinions to the king, who had not yet given any definitive answer. Galiano then moved that a deputation should wait on his majesty, to inform him of the absolute necessity of immediately retiring from Seville, to avoid being captured by the enemy. This motion was agreed to, as well as two others; the one stating the necessity for the removal of all the royal family, and the other that the removal could not be deferred beyond the next day. The members of the deputation were now named; and in answer to the petition of the Cortes, to know when the king would be pleased to receive them, his majesty named four o'clock on that day.

We will now leave the Cortes to see what was doing by other parties. The king was in high spirits, since, by his secret emissaries, he had been informed that the chiefs of the liberals were of opinion that it was their interest not to put him to death; and he was engaged at the palace with a *junto*, to which General Downie, Colonel Cabañas, and some canons and friars, were admitted, consulting upon those measures which it might be advisable, under circumstances, should be taken. Downie assured the king that it was exceedingly difficult to rouse the mob at that moment, because they were not a little afraid of the National Militia, but he thought it might be done that night; and he and the rest of the *junto* advised the king to leave the palace, and take shelter in the cathedral, or in one of the convents, so soon as the rising took place. The king, however, did not like the proposal, and he ordered Downie to introduce secretly into the palace, during the night, as many friends as he could collect, to defend his person, if the palace were attacked. It was just when the *junto* were about to separate, that the king received information of what was passing in the hall of the Cortes, and of the message he was about to receive; and the answer it would be advisable for him to give was then debated and determined on.

While the king and his *camarilla* were thus most indiscreetly endeavouring to get up a riot, the troops of the garrison were preparing to make one in downright earnest. The liberals, who had left the galleries in the hall of the Cortes, because they could not, in consequence of General Alava's observations, influence the deputies by their expressions of approbation or disapprobation, went directly to the marines and the militia of Madrid, who formed almost all the gar-

risson, venting the bitterest complaints against the ministers, and even the Cortes. Several of them proposed to go in a body to the palace, and compel the king and the royal family to leave Seville forthwith. Fortunately, some of the officers would not sanction the proceeding, without the previous assent of the influential deputies; and they proposed to wait on, and consult with them. As nearly all the militia of Madrid belonged to one or other of the secret societies, and as many of the chiefs of the societies were members of the Cortes, this proposition was agreed to, conditionally that such members only were consulted. Four officers were chosen as delegates, and they went immediately to the hall of the Cortes, where they met with five of the deputies referred to, and communicated their message. The deputies, naturally alarmed at these threatening appearances, earnestly entreated the officers to return to their friends, and assure them, that if the king would not consent to leave Seville, they were resolved to depose him, appoint a regency, and retire from the city on the next day; but that it was absolutely necessary that there should be no appearance of riot or disorder. The orator of the deputation, a very influential officer of the Madrid militia, replied at great length. He urged that it was absolute folly to pretend to observe legal forms in their present situation; and that it would save both time and trouble, to march at once to the palace, stow away the king and his family in the first carriage, cart, or waggon they could find, and proceed direct to Cadiz. He expressed great doubts whether the good deputies (meaning those of his own party) would be able to command a majority, should it be found necessary to depose the king; he announced that it was the anxious wish of all the liberal party to share in the responsibility of the forced removal: he pointed out the personal danger to the deputies, which must follow their proposed proceeding, as the Cortes had resolved that the sitting should be permanent until the king had left Seville; and as the few troops in the place would be obliged to accompany the king, the members of the Cortes must remain in the city at the mercy of a mob, excited and infuriated by the priests. At last, when he was insisting on the great advantages to be derived from making a little riot (*una asonadita*), he was interrupted by the deputies with the assurance, that, if it were necessary to depose the king, they could command a large majority; that, as to the responsibility and danger, they were content to share it among them; that the consequences of a riot could not be foreseen, except in the disgrace with which it must cover the liberals, and especially those in authority; and they again entreated of them to return to their friends, and use their utmost influence to keep them quiet. Upon this the deputation returned to the barracks, and it is impossible to describe the disappointment of the troops at hearing the result. They had expected, and were prepared for, a very different answer, but dare not oppose the wishes of their leaders, and peace was preserved.

At five o'clock the deputation of the Cortes went, by appointment, to the palace. These deputations were always heretofore received by the highest officers of the court, and with all becoming etiquette; but on this occasion they were surrounded by scullions and grooms; and nothing could equal the insolence of those people. At last the king appeared, and having taken his seat on the throne, General Valdes addressed him, stating that the Cortes had declared themselves in permanent sitting, in consequence of the approach of the enemy; and that, under circumstances, they had resolved to send a message to his majesty, entreating him, for his personal safety, to leave Seville for Cadiz the next day. The king answered, "That personally

† See *Athenæum*, No. 132.

he was willing to make any sacrifice; but that, as king, his conscience would not permit him to leave Seville." General Valdes replied, that his majesty's conscience would be clear under any circumstances, because, as a constitutional king, he had no responsibility, nor any conscience but that of his legal advisers: he added some other reasons, and concluded by entreating the king to hear the members of the deputation. The king, however, cut short the discussion by observing, "I have said all that I have to say;" and then rose and retired.

When the deputation returned to the Cortes, and their president reported that his majesty had resolved not to leave Seville, Galiano rose, and after delivering an eloquent speech, in which he said that the king's refusal to retreat to a place of safety must be the effect of temporary delirium, he urged that it was a case contemplated in the 187th article of the constitution, which authorizes the Cortes to appoint a regency, when there is any moral impediment to the king's carrying on the government, and concluded by moving, "That the Cortes declare that the refusal of the king to secure his royal person from falling into the hands of the enemy comes within the 187th article of the constitution; and that the Cortes will forthwith appoint a provisional regency, for the purpose of effecting the removal."

Vega Infanzon now rose, and spoke for more than two hours against the motion, endeavouring to prove that it would be better to retire to Algeciras and Ceuta, or at all events to Gibraltar, rather than to Cadiz; and he concluded by proposing that a second message should be sent to his Majesty. Arguelles replied; after which, Romero suggested that some physicians should be required to report on the true state of the king, adding, that he was opposed to the nomination of a regency; and expressed a wish that a committee of the Cortes should be appointed, with power to cause the king's removal. Oliver answered to Romero; and as there was not another member to speak against the motion, it was put to the vote, and carried. There never was a debate so important as this, nor, excepting only Galiano's opening address, one so insignificant, if we consider the speeches and discussions. The extravagant and incoherent reasoning of Vega Infanzon was unworthy of a reply, and Arguelles hurried over it, and concluded as briefly as possible.

It must be observed, that before the motion was put to the vote, nineteen members retired; but it was agreed to unanimously by the *eighty-three* remaining, with the solitary exception of Vega Infanzon. The regency was forthwith nominated; and Generals Valdes, Ciscar, and Vigodet, after taking the oaths directed by the constitution, entered upon their unenviable office, and proceeded to the palace, accompanied by a committee of the Cortes, preceded by Riego, amidst the acclamations of the liberals, who were at last satisfied with the resolution and determination of the deputies.

While the Cortes were thus employed, the king began to be alarmed at the possible consequences of his refusal, although he did not believe that the liberals could muster votes enough to depose him. He sent immediately for Downie, and commanded him to bring in secretly to the palace as many of his followers as he could collect to defend his person, if attacked. Downie proceeded to obey his orders; but the attitude of the liberals had so terrified the royalists, that he could not collect more than half-a-dozen; and these were assembled in a room of the palace, deliberating on further measures, when an army surgeon of the name of Lopez, who had chanced to see them come in armed, suddenly entered the room, upbraided them as traitors, and taking the sword from the

hands of Downie, who had unsheathed it, but who made no resistance, called from the window to the soldiers of the guard, and made three of the seven prisoners, the others having run away. That Downie, who had given many proofs of courage, should have allowed himself to be thus taken prisoner, is one of those inexplicable things that sometimes occur in revolutions. The king was frightened to death at hearing the noise of arms so near his royal person, and at seeing the ruin of his hopes; and the members of the royalist junto were so intimidated by Downie's fate, that not one of them ventured again to come near the palace—a conduct for which they were severely reprimanded by the king, when he returned to Seville four months after.

The regency had great difficulty to prevent the ministers from abandoning their post; but excepting Pando, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, they eventually consented to retain office. Immediate measures were now taken to leave Seville, and with the approbation of the king, it was at last determined, that the removal should take place the next day at two o'clock.

In the meanwhile, the deputies remained assembled in the hall of the Cortes. It is true, they did nothing, but they were ready to act if occasion required it. The midnight scene was most strange; there were the deputies sleeping upon the hard benches, or extended on the floor—a death-like silence prevailing, where so lately a king had been deposed—the chief actors in this great drama remaining present there, to perfect their work, if required.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 12th, the regency sent a message to the Cortes, to inform them, that the civil and military authorities had obeyed their orders without opposition, and that the public peace had not been disturbed. In fact, till two o'clock in the afternoon, everything went on with perfect regularity; and the situation of things could only be inferred from the bustle of preparation for the journey, and the intense anxiety depicted in every countenance.

At last the appointed hour arrived; the troops marched to the square in front of the palace, and the royal carriages drew up to the principal gate. The president of the regency now waited on the king, to inform him that everything was ready; but he was deaf to all entreaties, and though he did not positively refuse to depart, he could not be prevailed on to move. In vain the regents, with the greatest courtesy, entreated of him to begin his journey; he was altogether silent, and at last they were obliged to desist. The situation of the regency was at this moment most critical; the troops began to be extremely impatient, and their excitement was increasing every minute, owing to reports circulated by mischievous and designing people, that the French were close upon Seville, and that the king was only anxious to gain time. It was impossible to foresee the consequences of this state of things; indeed, without the personal influence of the regents, and the good sense of many officers of the Madrid militia, they would have been frightful.

The members of the Cortes shared the general alarm, and many of them went to the square to speak to the troops, and if possible, to prevent disorder. Though assembled and ready to act, the Cortes were naturally anxious to avoid stronger measures than they had already taken; and they agreed among themselves not to mention the continued resistance of the king, unless absolutely obliged. This state of fearful uncertainty continued for nearly five hours, when the general commanding the troops, who had permitted them to pile their arms, ordered the drums to beat to arms. The noise excited the worst fears of the king, and, without even wait-

ing for his hat, he rushed down to the carriages, followed by his family, and at half-past six, the procession began to move.

The Cortes received immediate official notice that the king had left Seville. They proceeded forthwith to business—decided upon their own removal, and at eight o'clock in the evening, suspended the sitting, which had begun at ten o'clock the day before.

The situation of the members of the Cortes was now most perilous. After the bold and decisive measures they had taken, they were left comparatively alone, having no other troops to defend them than a single battalion of artillery, almost wholly composed of recruits, a small number of the National Militia of Seville, and fifty men of the Madrid militia, while they were surrounded by the most savage and fanatical mob in Spain, open to all the influences of a more savage and fanatical priesthood. It had been determined, that the members of the Cortes should leave the city together in a steam-boat; which, however, could not move till high-tide, the next morning. Between eleven and one o'clock that night, the members assembled in the steam-boat, guarded only by the fifty soldiers of the Madrid militia; and as their families and baggage could not be accommodated, they were obliged to be put on board such ships as chanced to be in the river.

The members of the royalist junto, though frightened at Downie's fate, and not daring in consequence to enter the palace, assembled that very night, and determined on attempting his rescue; but Colonel Cabañas, now appointed chief of the conspiracy, could not prevail on his followers to undertake it. Next day they assembled again, and after the king's departure, they resolved to attack the steam-boat, where all the deputies were assembled, and thus finish the war at one blow. The thing was feasible enough; the steam-boat was moored in an open part of the river, and it was impossible to work the engine for want of water; there were plenty of cannon in the royal foundry, which could be brought to the bank in a few minutes; the defenders of the boat were but few, and the troops in the city could not for any length of time resist the mob, particularly after eleven o'clock, when, in consequence of mistaken orders, the Seville National Militia withdrew. The junto did what they could to prevail on their followers to begin the attack, but unsuccessfully. They were ready, but would not stir before morning. No sooner, however, had the steam-boat begun to move, than the firing commenced—the recruits of the artillery were soon overpowered—the ships in the river were attacked and pillaged, and the most disgraceful excesses committed.

AN ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.

TO A LADY SINGING TO HER ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE GUITAR.

By the late Percy Bysshe Shelley.

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,

So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night:

No leaf will be shaken,
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone

Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Arc one.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE REPORT ON DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

(Continued from p. 714.)

We promised, in our observations upon the Report, &c., a few whimsicalities in the way of question and answer, to be selected from the *admirable* Minutes of Evidence. It was our intention to have picked out "a string of whiting's eyes for pearls," but the utter nothingness of the result has alarmed us. The Committee, themselves, were, as we remarked, during the months of June and July, foggy as the months of November and December. It was quite one long *Lord Mayor's Day*, in the mind of the chairman (except when Mr. T. J. Duncombe sat), and every attendant intellect seemed to be influenced by the "darkness visible" that was spread around. The witnesses,—at least, those witnesses who had to speak upon dramatic law, and upon the powers of those who enforced it,—were not a whit behind the Committee in ignorance upon the subject, and in the profuse display of it. Mr. A. is called to say one thing as a matter of opinion, and Mr. B. is called to contradict him. How any set of gentlemen could come to any determination upon a mass of evidence filled with "the violentest contrarieties," we are at a loss to understand. The Report, like Cassio's murmurs in his sleep, if it denote any thing, "denotes a foregone conclusion."

Now, for a word or two upon the law as it stands, and upon the law as we should say it ought to stand. By the 10th of Geo. II. c. 28, the Lord Chamberlain has the power of licensing theatres in Westminster, or in those places wherein His Majesty shall reside. All actors performing at any theatre or place without the protection of the king's letters patent, or the Chamberlain's licence, are subject to a penalty. By this act, the Chamberlain has a prohibitory power over all theatrical performances, and a play must be sent fourteen days at least before it is performed, to allow of this prohibition being exercised if necessary, and not for the purpose of being licensed. By the 25th of Geo. II. c. 36, magistrates are empowered to grant annual licences for music and dancing only; and by the 28th of Geo. III. c. 30, district magistrates, at places not within twenty miles of London, have the power of granting licences for the drama for any period not exceeding sixty days. The sum and substance of the law are here collected together, and it will at once be seen, by all who will take the trouble to wade through this ponderous Report, that no persons are more ignorant of that law, than the committee who put the questions, and the forty very worthy gentlemen who responded. The Chamberlain's power over plays is a *prohibitory* one only; and in the act of parliament which defines his powers, (and there can be no doubt that an act of parliament can never be resisted by any alleged custom,) not one word is said about a licencer, or fees, or licences; and it is quite clear that a manager sending his play fourteen days before the day of performance, may snap his fingers at Mr. Colman and his two guineas. The *prohibition* having been found to be a profitless, and seldom requisite bit of authority, has been transformed into a licence,—and the manager, on the ground of convenience, has tacitly borne to be mulcted of two guineas for a written notification that the

Lord Chamberlain would evade the act. Mr. Colman holds his office by appointment, as he says, under the act; and he enters upon it with an oath, which we are only surprised that he did not cut out, instead of take. Mr. Colman as licencer is no one—he has no right to any salary—he has no right to fees—he had no right to swear, and is liable to be fined 5s. for the oath before any magistrate in London; and we wonder to the utmost, that the poor oppressed people of the drama endure tamely the tyranny of this "usurper on the throne of taste."

The notion prevails, that the Lord Chamberlain has no power out of Westminster; whereas he has the power, and, as the law stands, it is a duty incumbent upon him to enforce the penalties against any performers and performances, not licensed according to law. He is the guardian over the drama: and whenever the legal rights of the drama are infringed upon, he ought as the lawyers say, to sue as "next friend." He stands in the situation of an univindictive informer; he is imperatively called upon to protect the fortresses over which he is made the governor, by putting down any district fortresses, that rise up in opposition, and that might "in the end prove dangerous." So much for the law,—not as it is understood in the Chamberlain's office, in the theatres, and in the police-offices, but as it stands.—We had intended to make some remarks upon the frivolous nicety and ragged morality, with which Mr. Colman domineers over modern dramas; but really, we have not granted to ourselves room—

"At once the *observer's* purpose to spy,

"And on himself roll back his scrutiny."

In his youth, a wholesale dry-salter in obscene wit and ribaldry,—the moment he gets into imaginary power, he seizes the wares of the poorest dramatic huckster, and will not permit the smallest milk-and-water damn to be sold for love or money. Because "he is virtuous, he will have no more cakes and ale,"—he is the "Sir Toby in office."

Such a judge, chosen as Jonathan Wild was chosen to power, because he had been a partaker of the society and the vices over which he was now to preside, cannot move without being "suspect of fame." We can but exclaim in the apposite words of the author of that chaste work, the 'Poetical Vagaries':—

"Proceed, mock judges! earn your vile support,

"Like low informers, in the muse's court;

"Rake the fanatic's coil for dormant law,

"To prove the poet's licence has a flaw."

It is not so easy to say how the law should be amended, as the Report would make us believe; nor can any of the many plans be pronounced to be the best until it shall have been tried by experience. It would seem to us that there should be a control over the number of theatres, and that the amusements to be performed at such houses should be classified and defined. We are not for giving the legitimate drama the chance of having its brains kicked out by a pie-bald at Astley's, and we should be heartily glad to confine elephants and lions to the Zoological Gardens, and to the travelling theatres on wheels, and not to have them permitted free range over the classic boards of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Vaudevilles and burlettas may well reign undisturbed at the Olympic and the Adelphi, and thus all the-

atres, having some exclusive entertainment to offer, might be successful. We would vest this control of theatres solely in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. The licencer we would stifle—not the man, but the officer; and we would leave, and safely could we leave it, to the just taste of the public, to prohibit the performance of any play of an immoral or improper tendency. The advancement in knowledge, of the times, renders the ridiculous censorship of one man unnecessary. We are quite of opinion, that authors ought to have protection afforded to their labours, and that they should have some legal means of compelling remuneration summarily from country theatres, whenever their productions are resorted to by the managers of such theatres.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

CAMPBELL, we hear, has awakened from his dream about the Poles, finished his life of Mrs. Siddons, and sent it to the press. He has not, hitherto, made his appearance as a biographer—much is expected from his genius, and much is due to the subject. With Southey it is different; he has written, in the Life of Nelson, one of the most successful biographies of modern time; his Lives of the British Admirals, now in progress, are said to be in the same spirit. The sixth and last volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, is now nearly finished; it contains, amongst others, the polished Lawrence, and the sarcastic Northcote.

The subscription for Abbotsford goes on prosperously. It has been proposed, that each member of the Committee, of two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, shall be furnished with a little book, neatly ruled, and of a pocket size, and noted as coming from the Committee of Management: into this, each subscriber's name, with the amount of donation, is to be inserted; the members to have more than one copy at their disposal, for the purpose of sending them abroad to trustworthy and influential persons, so that the British Colonies may have an opportunity of joining with the mother-land in this national matter. The King, we see, has given three hundred pounds to the Edinburgh Monument to Scott; the Duchess of Buccleuch has given one hundred, and her lord will make his hundred five, as soon as the money comes to be paid. We trust that the people of Edinburgh and Glasgow, in short, of Scotland, will unite with the people of England, in rendering Abbotsford the monument to his memory: it was raised by the poet's own hand, and its treasures were collected by his taste and industry.

Regarding art, we hear but little. Roberts is making a tour in Spain, in search of the picturesque: a Spanish Annual will make his fortune: we are well nigh wearied of Italy. The plates for Rogers's second illustrated volume, are in great forwardness; they are spoken of as eminently beautiful; the publication, when complete, will contain all the poems of the author.

We hear, too, with much satisfaction, that the Princess Victoria is sitting for her portrait, to Mr. Wilkin, the clever artist, whose beautiful lithographs we have so often commended.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 15.—John Wm. Lubbock, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, 'On some properties of numbers in geometrical progression'—by C. Blackburn, Esq. R.A.

The following gentlemen were proposed: the Rev. Augustus Page Saunders, M.A., Sir W. Burnett, K.C.H., Major F. H. Shadwell Clerke, K.H., Thomas Botfield, Esq., and Robert Adam Dundas, Esq. M.P.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 12.—This was the first meeting of the session, and we are happy to say it was pretty well attended. Mr. Greenough, Vice-President, took the chair. The only paper read was a communication from Mr. A. Miller, surgeon, of H.M.S. *Etna*, respecting the discovery of the Compoonee river, on the west coast of Africa; and it contained some additional information to that furnished by Captain Belcher, and read at the Society in the course of the last season. It appears that the *Raven*, tender to the *Etna*, penetrated as far up the river as the depth of water would permit, and not less than a hundred miles. It was found to be above a mile in breadth, very deep, and very serpentine in its course. The natives fled with astonishment, and appear never to have had any intercourse with strangers. The paper was accompanied by some account of the Bijoga Indians on the island of Kanyabac, obtained during the visit of the *Etna* to their islands. Our readers will, perhaps, remember, that an attempt was made to settle these islands some years ago by a company formed for that purpose. The jealousy occasioned among the chiefs by the late Captain Beaver, who was for some time on the island of Bulama, had not, it appears, been forgotten; and some unequivocal signs of disapprobation were given to the officers of the *Etna* by one who understood a little English. The desire of Captain Belcher to obtain bullocks for the use of his crew was peremptorily refused, in consequence of a determination on the part of these people to take nothing but arms and gunpowder in exchange. The islands are described as being exceedingly fertile, and the natives a strong athletic race of people. They have as yet had little or no intercourse with strangers.

In the course of the evening, it was announced by the chairman, that a branch Geographical Society had been established at Bombay.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Geological Society	p. 8, P.M.
WEDNES.	{	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	{	Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
THURS.	{	Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
	{	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
SATUR.	{	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.	

FINE ARTS

Engravings from the Works of Henry Liverseege. No. 2. Moon & Sons.

THERE are three engravings in this Number, and all of different character. The first embodies that terrible scene in Shakespeare, where the spirit of the poisoned king appears, while Hamlet is admonishing his mother. The second, is called simply 'Agnes,' and is evidently a portrait, but in a style of vigour, reminding us of Rembrandt; and the third is, the colloquy between the Grave-diggers in Hamlet. We think them all excellent; the spectre scene is very supernatural, and almost rivals Fuseli; and the Grave-diggers are originals, such as are only

found in nature, and we have no doubt they are copied from the life.

Portraits of the Female Characters in the Waverley Novels.

Of three of these, we have already spoken, viz. 'Amy Robsart,' 'Diana Vernon,' and 'Isabella of Croye;' a fourth is now added, that of 'Rowena.' It is difficult to satisfy the imagination: a portrait from flesh and blood, nature must answer for; but a likeness from the fancy is another affair; yet the 'Rowena' is clever, and nearly comes up to our own notion of that sweet and prudent lady. Perhaps, the most satisfactory of the four is 'Amy Robsart,' though 'Diana Vernon' seems the most original.

The Lakes. Part XI.

HERE are eight good views for the sum of two shillings; those of 'Corby Castle' and 'Upper Reach, Ullswater,' are well worth the money. 'Kendal,' from its ruined castle, is also good. They are from drawings by Allan. There is a letter-press accompaniment too, which is not uninteresting.

The English School of Painting and Sculpture, Nos. 40, 41, 42. London: Tilt.

SOME of the slight outlines of this very cheap work, give a pretty fair idea of the design of the original picture or statue; but others, again, such as the outline of the Marriage scene in the *Rake's Progress*, are to us complete failures. For large pictures crowded with figures the reduced size is much too small; we have the 'Sea-fight off Ushant,' by Louthembourg, with sailors as small as moths in the sun. On the other hand, for such works as Westmacott's 'Cupid made Captive,' the size and system of handling seem quite suitable. The 'Rome,' of Wilson, is unworthy of being looked at; 'Tivoli,' by Turner, is better; Wilkie cannot surely discover his 'Jenny and Peggy at their rustic Toilet,' in No. 40. With all its blemishes, however, the work cannot fail to carry a liking and knowledge of art, into quarters where it never before penetrated.

MUSIC

Canzonet—*Oh, Memory, torture me no more.* Inscribed to Lady Burghersh, by the Composer. THIS composition bears evident traces of the hand of a musician; the harmonies are varied, and well disposed throughout.

Pastoral Duet—*Fair and fair, and twice so fair.* by the Same.

WE cannot discover in this duet one particle of that genius which delighted us in the canzonet. In the second page, the effect of the consecutive fifths and octaves is unbearable. It strikes us, that the composer has intended to imitate the music of the old English masters: if so, he has not been very successful.

O, happy are the Swiss man's hours; a celebrated Swiss air. Sung by Mad. Stockhausen.

THESE airs, although sufficiently beautiful in themselves, owe much of their charm to the exquisite manner in which they are sung by Mad. Stockhausen. The present is the seventh in order of publication.

I looked on her Face. Ballad, by John Lodge, Esq.

THIS is of the mediocre class; at the seventh bar, p. 2, the harmony requires a little revision.

Oh, tell me, why the burning Tear. A Song, by Wm. Calusac.

IF correct accent, appropriate harmony, and flowing melody, can render a song popular, this certainly has a good chance of being so.

Forget thee, my Susie. Ballad, by Mrs. Philip Millard.

WE fear that the success of the present ballad will not equal that of 'Alice Gray,' by the same lady.

Lonely Walks at evening Hours. Ballad, by J. Augustine Wade.

A pretty trifle, which we can recommend to our young friends, who have sweet voices, as likely to gain them many thanks, and an encore.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

A one-act piece, called 'Petticoat Government,' was acted here for the first time on Monday. It is an agreeable trifle, and being backed by some admirable acting, it met with complete success. We beg pardon—we have written bad English, and must turn to the Drury Lane bills (our standard) for correction: "It was received with decided success." The plot is so slight as to be easily detected and easily overturned. *Mr. Hectic* (Mr. Farren) is a sort of "malade imaginaire," who has no real complaint except one, *against* his housekeeper, *Mrs. Carney* (Mrs. Glover). Constantly working upon his weak side, or rather his weak *inside*, either by physic or fright, she has him completely under command, and is about to turn her power to her own pecuniary advantage, when *Hectic* falls in with an old friend—one *Clover* (Mr. Bedford). *Clover* takes him in tow, opens his eyes to the arts of *Mrs. Carney*, and his mouth to a good dinner; and the result is, that *Hectic* throws off his weakness and picks up his strength, which was all that he wanted—and that *Mrs. Carney* picks up nothing that she wanted. Mr. Farren's representation of *Hectic* is the work of a consummate artist. It should be seen, and, judging from the hearty applause of the audience, we should think it will be seen by many. Mrs. Glover was as clever as usual—Mrs. Humby as dry and quaint as ditto. Altogether the piece was extremely well received, and promises to be attractive. It is written by Mr. George Dance.

COVENT GARDEN.

'Julius Cæsar' was revived on Monday last. Those who cannot snow white, must snow brown; and we are not among the number who would banish Shakespeare from the stage; because we cannot have his plays represented as effectually as in days gone by. Still, when people cannot snow white, and can snow brown, why they should insist upon snowing black, is to us a mystery. It is one of those managerial secrets, which, with forty thousand others, will most probably never be explained. Mr. Butler appeared not long since in *Hamlet*. It seems to be agreed on all hands, that, taken as a whole, it was a particularly effective first appearance. He was then announced for the part of *Othello*. Those who had discovered good promise about his *Hamlet*, and are anxious to see the sad vacancies in tragedy at least respectfully filled up, were intent upon watching his progress in *Othello*—when, lo! that play disappears from the bills, and, after shelving a successful debutant for some weeks, they next put him before the public in a piece which ought to have been put behind the fire. The actor is unavoidably in some degree identified with the part, and an unfair blow is thus struck at the reputation he has honestly acquired. At length, Mr. Butler is again put in Shakespeare. 'Julius Cæsar' is produced, and he has the third part in it assigned him. It is not unworthy of remark, that in the same play we found Mr. Haines, who has been engaged at this house in consequence of his well-merited success at the Haymarket, degraded to the part, if part it can be called, of *Titinius*.

We know nothing personally of either of these gentlemen; but we feel bound to say, that injustice has been done to both of them, and also to a third party for whom we have the honour to be specially retained—the public. We cannot permit ourselves to imagine that such injustice was wilful, but there is a grievous lack of judgment, somewhere. Mr. Butler had a difficult task in getting so suddenly into a part which is almost identified in the minds of play-goers with Mr. Charles Kemble;—but we are happy to say, that, taking all things into account, he suffered but little by the unavoidable comparison. He took the first opportunity which the part afforded him of ingratiating himself with the audience, and, having once established himself in their favour, he remained there to the end. The point we allude to was the sort of conditional peace which he makes with the conspirators, where, at the words "Let each man render me his bloody hand," he has to pass down the whole line, and shake hands with each, as he calls him by his name. This operation (anything but an easy one from its sameness,) was performed by Mr. Butler with a degree of grace, feeling, and good taste, which at once showed him a proficient in his art; and this was acknowledged by the audience, in the way most grateful to an actor's ears. The latter part of the speech from the Forum, wanted more animation—something more of eagerness, and a little of that sly triumph which used to be observable in Mr. Charles Kemble's eye; still it was extremely well acted by Mr. Butler, and an erring on the side of modesty until the town is more familiar with him, is, perhaps, rather an evidence of judgment and good taste, than of anything else. Of Mr. Haines, we shall be glad to speak when allowed an opportunity. Mr. Ward's *Brutus* was creditable to him, and he was much applauded. We cannot report favourably of Mr. Bennett's *Cassius*. Mr. Haines ought to have played it: our idea is, that he could stand his ground well in it; but, at least, he ought to have been allowed a chance.

MISCELLANEA

University of Dublin.—The Science Medal has been awarded to Andrew Sterne Harte, and the Classical Medal to Richard Frayer. The premiums, at the examination by the Professor of Divinity, have been conferred on Ds. Robins and Stack; and Mountford Longfield, LL.D., has been appointed to the Professorship of Political Economy, endowed by the liberality of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The entrance examination in January, is to be held on Monday the 21st; and the quarterly examinations for Hilary term, commence on the 22nd. The extraordinary commencement for taking degrees of A.M. and higher degrees, will be held on November 24th.

Berlin Society of Arts and Sciences.—This institution was founded on the 15th October 1827, and meets once a month, when it is required, by the statutes, that some one of its learned members should submit a memoir on scientific subjects, and that some artist, being also a member, should likewise submit a memoir on subjects connected with the arts. Its fifth anniversary was celebrated on the 15th of last month, when Professor Schadow, the director of the Academy of Painting at Düsseldorf, and some of his pupils, attended the meeting and exhibited some studies and sketches. Professor Tölken, of the university of Berlin, then made a report of the progress of the recently established Society of Arts in Hanover, who intend to open an exhibition in that city next year; and he afterwards dwelt in detail on certain restorations, which have been made by Palmaroli in the Gallery of Paintings in Dresden. Dr. Förster next read the diary of an artistical

excursion, which he had made last summer in Lusatia and Saxony, the prominent features of which were the Dresden Gallery and the park at Muskau. Specimens of the antiquities lately discovered at Goeritz in the Uckermark, such as bracelets, rings for the neck, ear-rings, &c., all wrought in silver, were handed round for inspection.

The Sublime.—Our German friends are in the habit of publicly announcing the demise of their near relatives with a tribute to their memory. In how poetical a fashion this is sometimes done, take the following,—which we have pilfered to the very letter from a Rhenish paper,—in proof:—"The inmost feelings of my adored husband went to sleep, quietly and happily, on the 16th instant. The extent of my suffering none know better than myself: nor my present condition, nor the stagnation of business,—much less the dead weight, which altogether strains my *lais*. He, the dear departed, Frederick M——, was my husband, every inch of him; he was partner in all the afflictions of life with myself; and I wish, therefore, every one as speedy and happy an end as his. To enjoy the folly of life with *graoing of the Spirit*,—this is what I call *virtue and understanding*; patience and wakefulness, and melancholy and ecstasy, and to build the mansion of peace in one's own bosom, are ten thousand times more costly possessions than gold or virtue. Our business will not *hitch*; and I will do my utmost as a widow."

The wooden Leg.—A lady and her son were standing near me in the church of St. Eustache, when the latter, seeing a soldier who had suffered amputation, exclaimed "Oh! mother, do you see that gentleman without a leg?"—"My son," replied the mother, "do you not perceive that he wears it in his button-hole?" The soldier was "decorated."—A note to the elder Dupin's excellent paper in "Paris; or, the Book of the Hundred and One."

The Jews of Rome.—The last pope, Leo the Twelfth, mercilessly curtailed the Jews of the slender privileges granted by his predecessor, Pius the Seventh, and drove them back to their old cramped and filthy homestead, the "Ghetto." A census of this pestiferous quarter of the "Eternal City," which has been completed within the last two months, has established the fact, that, within a circuit scarcely forming one two-hundredth part of the Roman metropolis, three thousand five hundred of our Israelitish fellow-creatures are huddled together. Now, were the whole precincts of Rome similarly tenanted, the population would equal that of Paris; whilst, on the contrary, it is known not to exceed one-fifth, or 140,000.

Iceland.—Hans Finsten, a native of this remote quarter of Europe, has lately published an interesting pamphlet on the diminution of the population of Iceland, owing to unfavourable years. He observes, that, previously to the fourteenth century, the number of inhabitants was computed at 120,000, but that, at present, it does not exceed 51,000. Hopes of a renewed increase are derived from the declining violence of volcanic eruptions, the lava and ashes of which have acted very prejudicially, both on the health of individuals and animals, as well as from the extension of horticulture and fisheries, the latter of which are no longer prosecuted in fragile barks, but in stout seaworthy vessels.

Vegetable Curiosity.—We have seen an ear of wheat inclosed in a solid cake of ice, taken from the centre of an ice-house, the grains of which had sprouted, and the young roots extended themselves near an inch in the ice. Will some physiologist explain this? for, as the ice was pounded fine before being packed, the vegetation must have taken place in the ice-house.—*New York Paper.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & S. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 8	46 36	29.90	N. to N.E.	Moist.
Fr. 9	50 33	29.87	S.E.	Foggy.
Sat. 10	54 37	29.50	S.E.	Rain.
Sun. 11	56 40	29.20	S.	Rain, P.M.
Mon. 12	51 37	29.25	Var.	Cloudy.
Tues. 13	48 37	29.50	Var.	Ditto.
Wed. 14	53 43	Stat.	S.	Rain.

Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cumulus.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 44.5°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 7h. 41m.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, from the Norman Conquest, by J. H. Wiffen, with much unpublished correspondence from the Reign of Henry VIII. to that of George III.; Portraits, Views, &c.

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Thanks to Geronifer.—Eliza.

Living Artists, No. XVII., C. R. LESLIE, R.A., next week.

We have an *enrûsh of provincial* Annals this week. In plain sincerity, we hardly thought the Metropolitans worth the space they occupied, and these latter must come into our Library Table—except, perhaps, 'The Aurora Borealis,' and that is especially excepted, for an introductory paper by William Howitt, which seems, for truth's sake, deserving a word or two of comment.

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London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane. Published every SATURDAY at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, CATHERINE STREET, Strand, by J. LECTION: and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors in Town and Country; G. G. BROWN, No. 53, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; Messrs. PRATT & BARRY, BRUSSELS; PRITCHES & BENSER, HAMBURG; F. FLEISCHER, LEIPZIG; Messrs. PARSONS & CO. NEW YORK; and T. & B. BOWEN, Boston, America.—Price 4d.; or 10 Monthly Parts (in a wrapper).

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